

table flat, and he battered the back of each hand with his baseball bat, and he mashed up me knuckles. He said; “that’ll stop you playing the guitar and thieving off your family you little fucker.”

And I thought ooaa that really hurt, and I had to walk all the way up to Bradford Royal Infirmary with mashed up knuckles and when I got there I got stuck in a que behind a kid with a pan on his head, I was starting to get MRSA in my mashed up knuckles and when I got to the front of the que it turned out that the kid with the pan on his head, the pan weren’t even stuck, it was just a three stripe Adidas pan, it was a fucking fashion pan, the bastard. And the nurse said how did you get your knuckles broken, and I said I walked into a door, she said no you fucking didn’t, you’ve been skanking your nana, I said how did you know that, she said it was on Look North. Christie from Thorpe Edge said it was you who had done it.

Last bit now, the moral of the whole song.

Don’t skank your Nana, after all it was your Nana who bought you some action man bubble bath even though you were 27. Thanks Nana.

10. Anti-Gravity Cats

If you get a piece of toast and it falls to the ground

It will always land butter side down

But if you get a domestic cat

And it falls to the street

It will always land, land upon its feet

Which makes me wonder what would happen if...

I gaffer taped a bit of buttered toast onto the back of a cat... and pegged it out of a tower block.

How would it know how to land?

How would it know how to land?

The cat would try to land upon its feet and yet the buttery toast upon it's back would desperately try to land upon it's buttery side.

How would it know how to land?

How would it know how to land?

The cat would try to land upon its feet and yet the buttery toast would be compelled by the laws of physics to land upon it's buttery side.

So maybe it would spin forever?

Spinning approximately 18 inches above the ground

That's where it would be found.

Cat's with toast on their backs, anti-gravity cats.

Cat's with toast on their backs, anti-gravity cats.

Cat's with toast gaffer taped to their backs, turning them into anti-gravity cats.

Cat's with toast on their backs, anti-gravity cats.

It wouldn't work with labradors, fat bastards.

It wouldn't work with labradors, fat bastards.

They'd eat each other's toast, they'd eat each other's toast,

Fat fucking bastards, you can't leave any fucking food, any fucking near them.

But you could use the scabbiest cat's in the world, not the nice fluffy pet ones, with nice collars.

You could use the shit ones that didn't cost no dollars, the ones you find in flats that've been eating the faces of dead old ladies.

The scabby cats, scabby cats, scabby cats, scabby cats.

You could use the scabby cats, scabby cats, scabby cats, scabby cats.

You wouldn't even need to use expensive bread, you could use the cheapest happy shopper bread

You're not going to eat it; it's just going to get gaffer tapped behind the back of their head

And you could use the cheapest butter in the world, or the cheapest you could find

But it wouldn't work with margarine, you know that yeah? Buttered toast falls butter side down, but margarine, that don't work, and do you know why margarine don't work? It's only two molecules away from plastic that's why, that yellow paint, you shouldn't be putting that shit on your fucking bread man, I'll tell you why...

Because margarine, is the devil's spunk

Because margarine, is the devil's spunk

You don't want the devil's jizz on your toast, that's not the thing you want the most. With his little horny hands all over your toast, you don't want that shit, you want to just use butter.

And then you can just use the scabbiest cats, throw them out of tower blocks, with toast on their backs, as they fall down to the ground and they start to spin round and fucking round, use them as a turbine.

You could use them as a turbine.

You could power up half the iphones in Swindon, off a tortoise shelled cat, with toast on it's back.

If you got every scabby cat that no one loves and you threw it out of a window with toast on its back, you could soon replace fossil fuels and nuclear power.

I estimate we could do it in an hour.

All we need is some buttered fucking toast, some gaffer tape and cats and then throw them out of the windows, weight until they dropped, attach electrodes as they spin and then begin to harvest energy from the cat turbines.

I don't know how to get out of this song now, it started out as such a good idea and yeah yeah meow meow, I had two grams of meow meow the other night, fucking shit, but on Thursday, I had two grams of woof woof, much better, aww I'm telling you, I chewed threw a number of toys.

Shit that was the end that.

11. I'm In An Anarchist Squat Punk Band

I'm in an anarchist squat-punk band.

I'm in an anarchist squat-punk band.

I'm in an anarchist squat-punk band.

Drive around in a knackered old van.

I'm in an anarchist squat-punk band.

I'm in an anarchist squat-punk band.

I'm in an anarchist squat-punk band.

Drive around in a knackered old van.

We always have a ska bit in our songs.

We always have a ska bit in our songs.

It's the bit where 'drummer gets a rest.

If we don't let him, he gets depressed.

It's the only time he gets to change his vest.

And we play on the off-beat to show our solidarity with the oppressed.

I'm in an anarchist squat-punk band.

I'm in an anarchist squat-punk band.

I'm in an anarchist squat-punk band.

Drive around in a knackered old van.

Our carbon footprint is bigger than NASA.

But we are always wishing our van would go faster.

We went to liberate the beagles from the laboratory.

Set the beagles free.

We went to liberate the beagles from the laboratory.

Set the beagles free.

We took them home in the back of our van.

72 newly released beagles in a van, to our squat in Nottingham.

But there was one thing that we had not realised.

The beagles had been smoking cigarettes all of their lives.

The beagles they were gasping, desperate for a fag.

They were fucking gasping and they really needed a cig.

The beagles needed Regals.

The beagles needed Regals.

The beagles needed Regals.

The beagles needed Regals.

The beagles needed Regals and we just didn't know.

All we had at home was shitty herbal rolling tobacco-oh-ho, oh no-ah-ho.

They bit us on our ankles and they bit us on our knees.

Bit us on our elbows and they gave us a disease.

A disease from inside laboratories.

A disease from inside laboratories.

A disease from inside laboratories.

I'm in an anarchist squat-punk band

I'm in an anarchist squat-punk band

I'm in an anarchist squat-punk band

I'll never release any beagles again.

12. Bob the Amazing Sheepdog

Bob the amazing, bob the amazing sheepdog

Bob the amazing, bob the amazing sheepdog

He could do things, other sheepdogs could not do

He could do things, he was good with a pool cue

Bob the amazing, bob the amazing sheepdog

Bob the amazing, bob the amazing sheepdog

He could do things, other sheepdogs could not do

He could do things, he was good with a pool cue

He was a pool shark sheepdog, he went into pubs and pretended to be shit at pool.

And then he played the locals, he got them into thinking he was shit.

And because he was a dog, they easily believed he was crap

Because he didn't have any thumbs, so he wasn't very good at holding the cue or at least that's what he made them think.

Bob the amazing, bob the genius sheepdog

He was an amazing, he was a pool shark sheepdog

He could do things, he could do predictive text

He could do things, other sheepdogs could not do

On a Wednesday, he was playing the farmers in a pub in Skipton.

He let them win a few frames, he let them win a lot of games,

He made them think, that he was shite.

Then he suggested, putting £20 quid on the last frame.

And the farmers laughed to see such fun.

A foolish border collie, so easily to be parted from his 20 pounds.

And Bob let them put their money down on the side of the table.

He let him pot a couple of yellows.

But then Bob, he took control of the game.

He 8 balled them, and then he potted the black.

He took the 40 quid and he fucked off out the back.

Bob the amazing, bob the amazing sheepdog

He was an amazing, he was a genius sheepdog

When he got home, he went a bit mental

He went a bit chicken oriental, radio rental

He got his 40 quid and he invested it in crack

As a dog he swapped it out the back

It made him laugh to see such fun

And then the farmer came home the next day

And he found a note on the kitchen table

In very scratchy looking paw writing

It looked like the writing of a border collie

And the note was from bob and it said...

Dear farmer, I'm too amazing for you

Too amazing, you've taught me too much stuff

It's like lawnmower man, explained bob

You've taught me too much stuff and now I'm too clever for you and
I've left you behind

And by the end of the note you will find, that I took your range
rover...

I took it over

I took your bank card, I know your passwords to everything

Even your Netflix, even your Netflix account

And now I'm shagging your wife, and now I'm shagging her leg,
your wife's leg is covered in sheepdog smeg

And the farmer was upset, he was filled with regret as he saw the note from Bob

He thought how disloyal, a man's best friend has proved to be extremely disloyal

He's driven off with my wife, he thought about ending his life.

He ended up watching a lot of day time tv everyday, the farmer he watched,

He watched daytime tv until he ended up in a phone box opposite the mosque, smoking rocks.

And then who came past, but Bob

In a range rover, with the farmers wife looking so happy and glamorous

It was one too many things for the farmer, he sank down to the floor

But as he passed out, there was something he heard in his mind

A catchy refrain, something evil that seeped into his brain

Bob the amazing, bob the amazing sheepdog

Bob the amazing, he was an amazing sheepdog

He could do things, other people could not do

He could do things, he was good with a pool cue

Bob the amazing, bob the amazing sheepdog

13. I Hate Babies

Intro

Alright I'm gonna do babies, but since it's the last one of the night, I want proper sing backs and I want as vicious as you can possibly be.

So if I sing a line out to you, you gotta sing it back.

And if any of you don't, I'll find out where you live.

And I'll get a housing benefit claim on your spare room.

And I'll eat all your cashew nuts and I'll say it was somebody else.

I'm prepared to go that far, I know it sounds evil, but I am evil.

That's one of the curses of being evil, it's the embarrassing bit when you realise you are evil.

Here we go then...

Song

I hate babies! I fucking hate babies!

I hate babies! I fucking hate babies!

If one of your mates, came round your house, sat next to your misses, got one of her tits out, started to suck on the end of her tit and piss himself and shit himself and throw up down her back, you'd smash his fucking face in.

You wouldn't invite him round again.

You wouldn't even let him in.

You wouldn't give him anymore ketamine!

But babies get away with it because they're cute.

But they're just thieving bastards in a rompa suit.

They've stolen all my friends, no one goes out anymore.

Everyone's sitting round on the front room floor...

Going aww, we're more important now we've got a baby.

We're at home, we're doing a jigsaw now.

For fucks sake! You used to be my mate!

I could rely on you to drink heavily into the morning with me.

But now, you've all got babies, you bastards.

I hate babies! I fucking hate babies!

I hate babies! I fucking hate babies!

I hate babies! I'm fucking sick of babies!

Babies can make as much noise as they want, late at night, but not me.

People bang on me wall, people bang on me floor, they bang on me door.

They say shut up you fat, alcoholic, manic depressive, care in the community dickhead.

And I shout back, fuck off mum.

Babies lives are just perfect and easy, and everyone indulges them, even when they're being dickheads.

No one ever tells them off, they just look after them the bastards, everything's nice for them.

They spend their lives lying on a bed

Sucking on tits that are bigger than their head.

Now I'd like to do that with a bit more of my time, but because I'm not a baby, I'm not allowed that shit no more, it's not fair.

If I go into Tesco's, and shit myself and piss myself and start to cry again, I'll just get sectioned again.

It's not fair is it? It's age discrimination, one law for babies and one law for me.

And they're no use are they at all, come on now, everyone says kids are lovely, are they bollocks.

They're little sacks of human excrement screaming over nothing.

Babies are worse than fucking smack heads, babies are worse than fucking smack heads.

At least a smack head will have the common curtsy to carry a lighter.

Babies can't skin up or chop a line out, they never get a round in and pretty soon you'll find out they're boring little bastards until they can talk.

And I've got no time for them until they can walk.

And even then they can walk t' corner shop and get me a twix, and shut the fuck up.

So I need to get out of this song, I want a sing back, I want a chorus at the top of your voices, so when I sing a line, I want you singing it back yeah?

I hate babies! I hate babies!

I fucking hate babies! I fucking hate babies!

I hate babies! I hate babies!

I'm fucking sick of babies! I'm fucking sick of babies!

You evil bastards, I filmed all that, that's going to social services.

That's it, thank you.

Vol2. Folk Songs

1. Travelling Free

Travelling, travelling, travelling free, travelling down the road

Travelling, travelling, travelling free, never do what we've been told

Travelling, travelling, travelling light, travelling through the night

Travelling, travelling, travelling light, and everything's alright

Travelling, travelling, travelling free, anywhere we like

Travelling, travelling, travelling free, on our feet or on our bike

Travelling, travelling, travelling free, travelling down the road

Travelling, travelling, travelling free, never do what I've been told

2. Hustler's Lament

Dedicated to Rachel Hustler, see the last track of the album 'The Story of Captain Hotknives'.

Lyrics

I like drinking lots of whiskey, I like drinking lots of special brew
Because there's a hole inside me and that hole is the size and shape
of you

On a bad day it feels so hollow, feels so hollow you can see right
through

Darling you knew things about me, no one else that I could tell them
too

Knew you were a traveler, hoped that one day you might just return
Now I know that you're never coming back, the lesson's far too hard
to learn

Took a piece of my soul with you and the hole it's left it fucking
burns

So I'll keep drinking lots of whiskey and I'll keep drinking lots of
special brew

Because there's a hole inside me and that hole is the size and shape
of you

So I'll keep drinking lots of whiskey and I'll keep drinking lots of
special brew

Because there's a hole inside me and that hole is the size and shape
of you

3. Into The Valley of The Timber Wolves

Intro

The story of how the Fat Panthers rescued Vagabondi the Wood Carver from the Timber Wolves

Song

Into the valley of the timber wolves

Road and injured traveler

A gunshot wound was in his leg

A horse was breathing harder

He slipped from the horse to the muddy ground below

And near the trees the wolves were howling

And through the trees he heard a sound that sounded like a fiddle

[Instrumental]

As he fell down to the ground, the wolves they did circle round

They were waiting for his life blood

He shouted out into the night and he was heard by the musicians in the pole top [tent]

[Instrumental]

Kruger O'Reilly came out of the caravan brandishing her shorn off
shot gun

Christie O'Miran came out of the boat top brandishing his trusty
banjo

[Instrumental]

Brave musicians frightened away the wolves and picked up the
injured traveler

They took him to safety in their boat topped caravan

And fetched porcini out from the larder

[Instrumental]

Kruger O'Reilly she stitched up the wound after taking out the
bullets

Christie O'Miran he fired up the bong and he gave their traveler
blowbacks from it

[Instrumental]

As he recovered, the traveler could talk

He had done that before he had learned to walk

He'd learned the harmonica, he could play it so well

And so they all went on a tour

They toured all the land in the fair land and sea

They went on the land and the sea, they were free

They never stayed longer than 3 days anywhere

And they became the old fat panthers

[Instrumental]

4. Let The Sorrow Come

Tears are only there to clean your eyes
To help you realize, to help you realize
To help you realize what's important in your life

I blamed myself for the death of my friend
Will the sorrow never end? Will the sorrow never end?

I blamed myself for the death of my friend

So I let the sorrow come, I let the sorrow come
I let the sorrow come and I let it's work be done
And I let the sorrow go, I let the sorrow go
I let the sorrow go or it would drown me in it's flow

If she was here now, I bet she'd say
She tried to take the sorrow away
She tried to take the sorrow away
That was always her way

So I let the sorrow come, I let the sorrow come

I let the sorrow come and I let it's work be done
And I let the sorrow go, I let the sorrow go
I let the sorrow go or it would drown me in it's flow.

My time is coming to a close
There is no bed of roses
There is no easy way
There is no good time to do anything or say

But I saw my lungs turn into blood
Let it be understood, such things they are no good
Such things they are no good when your lungs turn into blood.

So I let the sorrow come, I let the sorrow come
I let the sorrow come and I let it's work be done
And I let the sorrow go, I let the sorrow go
I let the sorrow go or it would drown me in it's flow.

But I thank the goddess for my life
Every drink of water
Every bit of food

Every bit of smile

And every fucking tear

Tears are only there to clean your eyes

To help you realize, to help you realize

To help you realize what's important in your life

5. Smugglers Bold

I was in the van with the Endy boys, on the way to Crossmaglen

And they told me tales of smugglers bold and of the smuggler men

And how the army took the smokeless truck and locked it safe away

Behind big walls and steel gates in the army base that day

But then one night, a bold young lad said I'm off to get the truck

And though they thought he could not succeed, they wished him
best of luck

He took a small, a smaller truck and pressed it to the gate

He inched it forward gradually and bent the steel plates

He crawled beneath the bent steel gate into the army base

He found the truck that the army took and he drove it from that
place

So fare thee well oh smugglers bold, I hope you all stay free

I hope you all have all the luck outrunning the army

So fare thee well oh smugglers bold, I hope you all stay free

Bringing contra band from over land and fuck the RUC